

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS H. ROBINSON, Editor.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent.

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SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1854.

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We occasionally send to those who are not subscribers, or who do not care to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to MARIUS H. ROBINSON, Editor. All others to ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent.

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From the A. S. Standard.

THEN AND NOW.

The Abolitionists, though not many of us are much struck in years, have seen many changes in our time. Those of us who began at the beginning and have persevered unto this Anniversary Week to constitute a sort of measure of the changes in our Public Opinion for the last five and twenty years. As they mark on the Xerometer in Egypt the different points to which the Great River has risen in different years, so the thermometer and the contemporary records of the time, during the long interval of the fowling and the shooting, the title which we now insert in the paper to which they have made themselves. And they have made themselves. They have modified the sentiments and opinions of vast multitudes who take not their name upon themselves. Opinions and sentiments are now uttered by weighty men and influential presses which drew down upon them denunciation and even violence not many years ago. The very question of Disunion, which has been regarded as the Shibboleth of the most fanatical of the Anti-Slavery party, is now baited in popular assemblies and discussed in popular newspapers. The wedge which we only inserted the edge, is receiving more and more into its mouth, and will at last be driven home.

He who first instituted the Modern Anti-Slavery Movement, of which we esteem it the honor and the privilege of our lives that we have been permitted to form a part, had no distinct idea of the work that lay before him, or of the instruments by which it was to be accomplished. No more had they who first cast in their lot with him. He and they merely discerned the crying sin of the Nation, and thought, good easy men, that all that was necessary was to let the Nation know what it was really, and that repentance and reformation would follow the night the day. Of course, their first thoughts and their first appeals were made to those who had charge of the souls of the American People, and whose especial business it was to convert them from sin unto righteousness. Being earnestly religious people themselves, and having a strong sense of the duty of their calling, they could not but perceive that the enemies of the Lord had assumed, they never dreamed that these works of his which looked so black and horrid to them, could appear void to any of the Shepherds of the Lord's Sheep, still less that he could assume to them, in this shape above all, the gait of an angel of light. But it did not take many years to disabuse them of these delusions.

The Anniversaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society have been faithful types of the condition of the general mind. In the earlier days, the Platform bore the weight of a large proportion of clergymen of various denominations within its ample wings. They were not a general thing, the number and importance of their adherents, and the denominations were rather of the wealthier and aristocratic descriptions. That very large number of pious and zealous for religion who used to stand upon the platform. But in due time the Great American Church gave all these to understand, by the most unequivocal indications, that such was not the creed of the American Church. They were all, in significant signs or emphatic silence, that any doctrines which went to unchurch the communicants and unfrock the members of one-half the country, were damnable heresies—that the Church was the first love of the Lord, and that he would take measures for the redemption of those black confessors at the South when he could find leisure from the conversion of the superior class of sinners who were better worth saving.

And so occasion was found, to make it difficult to withstand the harrowing and astounding facts that presented themselves continually to his view. It was a continual succession of perpetual war and misery, and thought but gloomy scenes of imminent agony and bodily anguish was before him from early morn to dusky night. By day he was watched; at night he could take but little rest, sometimes not closing his eyes for very grief—Chains, whips, floggings, branding-irons, colters, and other instruments of torture, were used in the slave-holding states, and some to unmerciful official regulations, and to some an unmerciful slavery. But the platform still stood, and those remained seemed as stout of heart as before those apostates. The rising waves of public opinion, stirred by the haze of Anti-Slavery, reached first the Church, and afterwards the State, and those who clung to the high places of either took themselves to other deliverances—but the Nihilomites still stood firm and marked the height to which it had risen when it swept them away.

There came a time yet harder to hide than any of these, and that was when the Idea first dawned that Duty to the Slave required the Sacrifice of allegiance to the Constitution of the country, and demanded Resolution as the only way of escape for black slaves or white freemen, from the despotism which was organized into a fundamental necessity. The many who were anxious to see what could be done to help us with our eyes and in our hearts, were left in much sorrow and in no anger. And so we were left with yet diminished ranks, but still presenting a front to the enemy, which was never misunderstood by them, at least. Our simple principle has been, from the beginning, to weigh all opinions, characters and institutions in the balances of the Slave's instinct. We have transmitted his desperation to the Vice-Chancellor; and, shortly afterwards, found himself honoured, as in the previous year, by the award of the first prize. Thus was the first spark elicited in Clark's mind, which kindled a fire in the whole Christian part of the English nation; and excited the people, throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles, in a generous endeavor to alleviate the sufferings and redress the wrongs of their African brethren; and thus was the quiet undergraduate of Cambridge instantaneously converted, as Bernard Barton records it, from a youthful as pirant for academic lays into

The champion of an injured race,
Among the great and good."

It was the custom in the University of Cambridge for the author of these laureated dissertations, to read them in the Senate House, before the assembled University, shortly after the adjudication of the honours. Thomas Clarkson was recalled to Cambridge for that purpose. He returned to his college and performed his academic duties; but on his journey to London, which he performed on horseback, the subject of his recent laureation, which had so greatly occupied his mind, followed him with such interest, that he could hardly so in wait for Cuba. Twenty years ago it felt no appetite for these morsels, and why? Because it had then, as it has now, all that its real necessities demanded, and no one molested or made them afraid. It now demands this supply because it feels that it is no longer safe for it now within its coil. It is making reaches against an evil day which its unerring instinct has foretold, and which it is destined to exceed by day and night when it is ready to do so.

Twentieth Anniversary? We see the Slave Power raging, because its time is short. Not satisfied with the soap of Texas with which it had gorged itself, and of New Mexico, which it is even now lubricating before swallowing it, it is opening its hungry jaws for Nebraska, and lying privily (and hardly so) in wait for Cuba. Twenty years ago it felt no appetite for these morsels, and why?

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TWENTY-FIRST* ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
REPORTED BY WM. H. BURR.

The Twenty First Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held in the Broadway Universal Church, on Wednesday, May 1st. The church, at the hour of meeting, was well filled. After a voluntary on the organ, the President, Mr. Garrison, called the Society to order, and announced the resolution made with the programme, selection would now be read from the Scriptures by the Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse.

Selctions from the Scriptures were then read by Mr. May, who also offered prayer; after which, the congregation united in singing a hymn composed by Mrs. Follen.

FRANCIS JACKSON, the Treasurer of the Society, then gave the following abstract of the Annual Report, which he said was certified by Jas. S. Gibbons, cashier of the Ocean Bank.

RECEIPTS FOR THE YEAR.
From Donations, sale of Pamphlets, &c., and Subscriptions to Anti-Slavery Standard, and balance from last year \$11,105 29

EXPENDITURES FOR THE YEAR.
For Lecturing Agents, Publishing Anti-Slavery Standard and Pamphlets 8,729 60

Balances on hand \$2,376 29

The report, by unanimous consent, was laid upon the table, to be taken up at the business meeting.

MR. GARRISON then said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: This is the twentieth anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. I do not propose to go into any extended preliminary remarks, but simply to say at the outset, that the object of this Society remains unchanged, and our course unaltered, at the present time. We make no new side issue with this nation, or with the slave power which governs it, as absolutely as any plantation at the South is governed; but, continuing our eternal hostility to it, entering into no compromises with it, and making no attempts at conciliation thereof, we are resolved on its utter destruction, vindicating in the slave every human being living on the face of the earth, undaunted by anything that may occur seemingly in favor of that power to which we have alluded, and resolved to continue to the end, come what may. We know, and you know, and the slave-holders know, and the slave, and all in this world, and in heaven, and in hell, know that we are right in vindicating the rights of man in every human being on this earth, and that any base, or the blind, or the bigoted, or the disengaged, or the time-serving, or the bloody-minded, are against us and our glorious position.

In regard to the work to be done, there are hundreds of thousands of slaves that have been added since this Society was organized, to the old stock, who are waiting for deliverance at our hands. At this moment the last great crime of the nation is about to be perpetrated; but the end is not yet. The liberties of this country have been betrayed, sacrificed, trampled in the dust. No man can stand up in any part of our country, and say before God, truthfully, "I live in a free land, where I enjoy all the rights which God vouchsafed to me by my very nature." On all hands are those who are conspiring to crucify liberty and to stifle this nation out of destruction. It is for you, and me, and all of us, to see that such traitors are met; that they are crushed; and that we are unmasked; that no compromise, in any shape, for any purpose, or for any time, is made with the demon spirit of Slavery in this land. In regard to the Church or in the State, found sympathizing with the oppressor, our duty is plain—in the name of Jesus Christ to declare they cannot be Christians, and in the name of genuine republicanism to affirm that they belong to those who sympathize with the despots of the human race in all parts of the world.

Lay the base usurpers low:
 Tyrants lie in every foe;
 Liberty in every heart;
 Let us do or die."

I have now the pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Wm. H. Furness, of Philadelphia.

MR. FURNESS'S SPEECH.

MR. PRESIDENT: I so sincerely deprecate the expectation of a speech from me on this occasion, that although it is not exactly in good taste to begin with talking about one's self, yet I must be allowed to say that I have come hither on this occasion, not so much to make a speech as to take sides. It is not a question of whether a man can speak or not at all, but this is the question, namely, on what side he is; and I thank those gentlemen who have invited me hither, for the opportunity of committing myself again and irretrievably to the great cause of humanity (applause). Besides, I am a timid man, and I like to be on the safe side, and on the strong side (applause). I do not think I have courage enough to be, or appear to be, on the pro-slavery side, though I should have the President, his Cabinet and all Congress to back me (laughter). And besides, again, it is difficult to make a speech. When I am in the pulpit I have nothing before me, and there is a restraining grace there; but upon this level platform it is difficult to speak.

Mr. Garrison then said: I have the pleasure of next introducing to the audience one of that select class in our country, a very large proportion of whom are held as chattels personal, and the other portion are treated as lepers who ought to be ejected from all "human organizations" and trampled under foot; one who passes for a colored man in our country, and if he be a colored man, aye, and a black man, who of us is white? What reason he has for pleading heresy, that slavery may be overthrown, will tell you by giving you an instance of this kind, which is a very common affair at the South. One of the New Orleans papers says:

"Isaac Goodwin, free man of colour; for coming into the State contrary to law, sentenced to one year at hard labour in the penitentiary."

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

THE CONSUMMATION.

Slavery has again triumphed—as when, for the last half century, has it not? The NEBRASKA BILL has PASSED! It passed on Tuesday at 11 o'clock.

So far as Congress has the power, it has extended slavery over the whole of that vast territory. Citizens of the North who would seek for homes in the West, must go elsewhere or find them among slaves.

The whole territory is to be cursed with ignorance and blighted by indolence, which oppresses slaves as masters. The poor man is to be robbed of the soil for culture—the laborer is to be defrauded of his hire—the stripes of the brutal overseer are to lacerate the backs of innocent men—of helpless women, and of tender infancy—on every foot of its soil. The auction block is to be set up in every corner where necessary men-thieves and pirates see fit to establish it—human beings are to be trafficked like brute beasts, and the holiest affections surrendered for gain.

A ban is to be placed upon liberty, knowledge and “pure religion,” to practice which, is to be punished as a heinous crime. And all this by *act of Congress*. An act not hastily done, but coolly and deliberately, in the face of an unexampled remonstrance from the people of the North, and a manly exposure and resistance from the minority in Congress. The act has been passed for the benefit of one hundred thousand slaveholders. To them has been sacrificed the most vital and sacred interests of three millions of slaves and twenty millions of nominal freemen. And the twenty-two millions are now together slaves—held in common bonds by the same despotic oligarchy, for their own wealth and aggrandizement.

Three times did the Senate deliberately vote to perpetuate this villainy, and *three times* did the majority of the House of Representatives resolve to do the same. And more, this act has passed with the confident expectation that it will be “acquired” by the people of the country, North and South. They say the Missouri Compromise—the Florida slave-hunt—the Texas conspiracy—the Mexican war-slavery—the fugitive slave law, and a thousand other outrages have been submitted to—neither resisted nor defended by those who threatened and remonstrated against them, and why should not this? We fear they are right in their calculations. We judge from the past, and from the tone of present resistance. It is not (with too many) radical in its character, and uncalculating in its consequences of trade and sect and party as it should be to inspire us with hope. Will the people submit like cravens, to their despotic masters? That is the question. The three millions of chafed human beings will, for they are ignorant, without resources, and without means of combination, under the impression (correctly too) that the whole country is against them. Will you, the falsely called freemen—you, the gagged, insulted, robed men of the North—submit to your own bonds, and to be the enslavers of those yet more cruelly bound? We fear, may, we expect you will—for though for three months there has been a moral certainty that this bill will pass, you have never yet shown a resistance at all to be compared with the exigency of the times, or the determination of those who were forcing the measure upon you.

To us there seems but *one way* in this great emergency. Let us dissolve all connection with these covenant breakers. They are thieves and pirates, without political honor or common honesty. They are without principle, and not to be trusted for any good—corrupting the whole nation—the imphatic love of human virtue, human liberty, and human happiness. They have bought our President and Congress, and bribed our Judiciary. They have thus placed us in the hands of traitors who have betrayed our country and our liberties, and blasted our national reputation, and by so doing, blighted the hopes of the world’s oppressed millions. Why should we seek to continue our partnership with such disastrous, dishonorable results? What, compared with these, are the gains of commerce or the aggrandizement of our nation, even supposing these dependent upon union with these pirates? But they are not.

Let our Senators and Representatives in Congress come home. Let them tell the people of the insult to which the utterance of any free thought subjects them. Let them make manifest the deceit, falsehood and corruption by which the slave power has obtained and maintained its ascendancy, with all its consequences to the country, its liberties and its prosperity—and in view of all these facts, faithfully presented, let the people decide for or against the Union, and we believe they will decide to have no fellowship with the bloody system of slavery.

They will make the one effective proposition to the South, ABOLITION OR DISSOLUTION. Let the people make this proposition, and slavery ends, and our national prosperity begins anew.

THE CHANGE.

We challenge the curious annals of history for a more striking progressive change in the sentiment of a nation than that which has taken place in regard to Abolition, pure and simple, in the free States of America. A few years ago the name of Abolitionist was identified with social outlaws.

Southern States put a price on the head of Garrison; southern Post-Offices offered letters and papers; and Committees of northern Safety-netted and burned Abolitionist journals by the hand; mobs drove the emancipation apostle from Baltimore—burned down a Library-Hall in Philadelphia—shot down a Lovejoy for printing and speaking democracy—and every where persecuted the name, fame and persons of the Abolitionists. Three years ago a mob headed by Isaiah Ryndes, broke up their meeting at the Tabernacle, and fairly pursued them from the City. Two years ago they could not obtain here a place to assemble in, and were obliged to go to Syracuse to hold their Amherstites. But now all this is changed. They are welcomed as one of the largest and handsomest churches in New-York, for the past two days their discussions have not only been entirely undisturbed, but have been attended by crowded and sympathizing audiences of the most respectable people. Even conservatism and moderation now listen without a shock to the bold utterances of these quondam fanatics. Such is the effect produced by the conviction which is now gaining complete possession of the public mind at the North, that the South is faithless to its own pledges.

It is resolved to extend the area of Slavery at whatever risk. This great change has been wrought by the hand of God, and as we are only at the beginning. Garrison, Phillips, and all their complices, could not have made so many Abolitionists and Disunionists in half a century, as Pierce, Douglass, Badger and Clayton have made in three months.—*Tribune.*

The superintendent of Washington square in this city, Philadelphia, we understand, excludes colored children from the privileges of that place. Is this a fact? And if so, by what authority is this injustice practised? If true, it is an outrage upon law and humanity and all right, and one that is not called for and ought not to be sanctioned by public opinion.—*Freeman.*

THE OHIO TRAITORS.—Disney, of Cincinnati; Lindsey, of Huron; Green, of Seneca, and Olds, of Pickaway, are the four political blacklegs who voted with the South in taking up the Slave Extension Bill. Shuman, of Belmont, is counted for it on the final passage. The people of Ohio will brand the liberticides with the name of traitors the people of Kentucky have placed on the Hardest Juries, who turned loose the murderer, Ward.—*Advertiser.*

Communications.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, April 12, 1854.

DEAR MARIUS: The American Anti-Slavery Society has just closed its Twenty-first Anniversary, very satisfactorily to its friends. The first public meeting was held in Rev. Dr. Chapin’s Church, Broadway, one of the first and best churches in the city. At 10 o’clock, Wednesday, this large church was densely crowded by citizens and strangers, who on Anniversary week visit this great city to learn what is being done throughout the nation and world, and among the most important doings of men on earth, the anti-slavery enterprise holds an important position. Wm. Lloyd Garrison took the chair at the appointed time, and the exercises commenced by a voluntary on the organ. Selections from the Scriptures were then read by Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y., then led the meeting in prayer. Mrs. Follen’s touching hymn, “What mean ye, that ye bruise my son?” was then sung by the choir, with remarkable effect.

The Treasurer, Francis Jackson, of Boston, announced the receipts for the year \$11,105.29. Expenditures, \$87,290.00. Balance due, \$2,576.29. Mr. Garrison then made some introductory remarks, affirming the sentiments ever promulgated by this Society, saying: “We know, and you know, and the slaveholders know, and the slave, and all in this country, and in heaven and in hell know, that we are right in vindicating the rights of man, for every human being on this earth, and only the base, or the blind, or the bigoted, or the unscrupulous, or the time-serving, or the blood-minded, are against us, or our glorious position. He was very happy in elucidating this idea, and after briefly referring to the present position of the cause, introduced Rev. W. A. Furness, of Philadelphia, who made a spirited speech, from which, with others reported in the Tribune, you can make such extracts for the Bugle as you may think best. Mr. Furness was followed by Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia, Wendell Phillips and Abby Kelly Foster. I cannot better describe these speeches than by saying that each one said just what ought to have been said on such an occasion. Mr. Garrison then took the platform, and in a brief speech of great power, showed that all the unjust complaints made against us, and every vile epithet bestowed upon us for the cause we had espoused, was also being unsparingly applied to those clergymen who had protested against the Nebraska bill. The meeting then adjourned, to meet in the evening for business at Hope Chapel. The business meetings were well attended, and the resolutions thereof discussed. Among the speakers were Lucretia Mott, Charles Lenox Remond, S. J. May, Edmund Quincy, Henry Blackwell, of Cincinnati, who appeared as a delegate from the Cincinnati Ladies’ Anti-Slavery Sewing Circle, Oliver Johnson, Henry C. Wright, and others.

Andrew Jackson Davis then took the platform Thursday morning, and said, since he had been in the city he had been informed by some of his friends, that he had many friends in the South, where his publications were being favorably received and read with interest, and they advised him not to identify himself in any way with this unpopular cause, as it would operate prejudicially to him and to the sale and circulation of his works. With these facts before him, he felt it his duty to improve the earliest opportunity to declare thus publicly, his sympathy with the anti-slavery cause, and his identity with it now and forever.

On Friday evening the New York City Anti-Slavery Society held its first Anniversary in the Tabernacle. This is a new organization, auxiliary to the American Society, and like it, stands upon the broad, unsectarian basis. Through its influence, a course of thirteen anti-slavery lectures was delivered during the last winter, by the most eminent champions of our cause. These lectures, in combination with other circumstances, have had a favorable influence upon the public mind, and there is yet hope that anti-slavery influence will ultimately prevail in the commercial metropolis of this country.

At this meeting addresses were delivered by Rev. Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips. For two hours Theodore Parker enchain'd the vast audience that filled every seat and standing place of that spacious Tabernacle, with argument, eloquence, and ponderous facts, against the slave system.

Mr. Parker, of Indiana, offered an amendment in regard to emigraries with a view to encourage free labor emigration, native and foreign, so as to excite slaves.

Rejected—*aye* 66, *nays* 94.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

DEATH IN THE ATTIC.

Darkness rests like a pall upon the streets, which are now deserted. The hush through which has swept the thoughts far until late at night, has ceased to flow, and the great metropolis no longer throbs its living tide through the accustomed arteries. The snow has been falling fast for an hour, and the sharp gusts sweep round the corner and go wailing down the dim avenues, as if sorrowing for human woe. The lamp lights gleam pale and sickly out through the storm. The policeman, or some reveller, and the winds, alone disturb the silence that reigns.

Turn towards where the lepers of want and vice have gathered, as if in sympathy. The foul crater is active, for its more deadly flames ascend in the darkness of the night. Down below the surface of the earth, are pits, where the ruffians and the vile are at the direst revile. There is a faint, deathly glare from the dirty windows, and in spite of the wintry blast, an occasional breath of the raw hole ringing beneath. And then there often comes up some starting hal-hal to mingle with the shrieking of the wind.

Here is a dark alley, scarce wide enough to admit a person, running back where no light breaks in upon the impenetrable darkness. The foot strikes a step, and we climb upward upon a creaking flight of stairs. The snow and wind whirl fiercely over the roof and shake the crazy structure to its foundation, but we lean closer to the walls and mount upward.

Five stories up, and we stand upon the narrow platform and peer down with a whirling brain, into the black abyss below. Turning into a narrow hall, we stand before a shattered door, revealing a feeble light within. Even in this winter night, the mimic of salvation dooms through the building like a penitent.

What a scene as we enter that chamber! Here poverty and want reign in their ghostly loneliness and solitude. The silence of desolation broods over all, and the faint lamp light, flickering to its wane, is like the beam which creeps up from the exhalations of the grave. There is not a soul in the grate, nor a chair in the room. The gusts of wind sift the snow through the cracks by the door, and an involuntary chill steals over the surface, and then into the heart. Starvation, gaunt, pinched and spectral, stalks before the imagination, and mingles a footfall with every gust that rattles the shattered door.

And do human creatures dwell in such abodes as this?

Hist! There is a sound in that dark corner. There is a sigh as if a life of agony were crushed at once from the heart. And then a spectre form slowly rises and stalks towards the light. It is a woman, but God! how thin and haggard! A fierce gust shakes the old building. She stands in a listening attitude, as its low wail dies away, and then, wildly staring at me, takes her seat mechanically upon a box by the light. Her face is thin, and every feature the footprint of unutterable agony. The eyes are sunken and inflamed, but as tears as her cheek and lip are bloodless. The latter is thinnest drawn closely, as if in mortal suffering, over her teeth.

She leans towards the waning taper, and takes a garment from her hand, and begins to button it up. How frailly she moves, and helpless she appears! We look until some nightmare fascination chaises us to the spot. Save a startling wildness about the eye, it would not seem that those features had ever been stirred by a human passion. She holds her hands towards the light in the attempt to threads her needle but fails; and still, with her hands extended, stares at the dim taper.

There is a stirring in the heap of rags beside her, and the woman starts as if stung by an adder. The faintest flush passes over her cheek, and she mutters to herself as she more hurriedly essayes to thread the needle.

From the heap of rags a boy has come forth! A child of ten years, perhaps—he stands before that spectral mother, and in husky whispers asks for bread. She stares strangely in his face, and still mutters to herself.

The boy is almost naked and shivering with cold, and upon those childish features hunger has written enough to pierce the hardest heart. The very look is a hopeless heart-breaking agony. The child bows his head in that woman's lap with a soul-like a man, and then moves with a languid step to the grate, and lays his fingers, already blue with cold, upon the frosty iron. The chill causes him to start, and he returns moaning to the woman. The hand has failed her lap, and the boy lays his cold cheek down upon it and weeps. She laughs—but it is the low, horrible ho! hal! of the mad!

"Mother, dear mother! give me one morsel of bread. Truth tells bread enough where Pah goes." Mother!—Mother!—God! give me bread if I say my prayers!"

The child kneels, and the prayer by his mother taught him goes freshly up against the wail of the blast, and then with weariness and hunger, the little pleader falls to sleep on his knees, his head on his mother's hand.

That mother smiles as she still stares at vacancy.

The storm has passed, and the morning light of the Sabbath dawns upon the great city. The church bells are pealing out the Sabbath melody, and gay throngs of people are wending along to the richly furnished churches. Here are shawls which a queen might envy, and equipages of princely splendor.

Early this Sabbath morning, a cold hearted landlord goes up the long stairway for the promised rent, and knocks at the door, which the reverend he awaits but a moment, and angrily enters.

"No playing games with me, madam. The Money or force. D'ye hear, woman?"

The ruffian was used to scenes of suffering, but he started back at the one before him. That pale, haggard woman—picture was still seated by the lamp, now burned out, the garment and needle in her hand, and that horrible smile upon her features, that wild eye gazing into vacancy.

The lamp had burned down and died out in its socket. The lamp of life, too, had waned during that cold, dreary night, and a corpse sat there, holding the needle in the encrusted fingers, and smiling in death. The boy slept against the rigid and pulseless form of the well worn, heart broken, benumbed mother.

That day the officer entered the fireless chamber, to remove the dead seamstress. In that dark corner where the woman was first seen, was the husband. He had a corpse for more than two days, and the wife telling to escape starvation, and watching with the shoeless, unburied dead.

The two found a home and an endless rest in Potter's Field, and the pinched and starving boy, laid in the almshouse.

HAYTIEN CLEANLINESS.

As I have alluded to the inordinate consumption of soap by the Haytien, I may as well mention here how it is consumed. I have spoken in a previous letter of their cleanliness. They are as punctual as Mussulmen in their ablutions, and it is the greatest delight of all classes, and especially of the females, to appear in garments fresh and stiff from the ironing table. No matter how cheap and humble the fabric, the very poorest class will find soap and starch enough to gratify this pardoned vanity. But with all their wealth, they are not able to buy soap, or even to afford a few cents for it. All others buy their eggs, and the male *aftercusses* passes over impregnating or giving life to the deposits. If then, the fishes fall in one stream, they can be renewed by taking the impregnated eggs from the stream where they are laid, to supply another. In this way fishes may be had in greater abundance than where nature supplies them, and they may be grown to furnish the table of the proprietor, or for sale, as soap or pigs can be on land. Thus the art of fishing has been extensively carried on in Hayti. France, where I expected they would yet supply most of the foreign market. The Dutch also established fish markets in the neighborhood of the Hague, and the Scotch on the river Tag, have made a salmon nursery of 500,000 eggs, that are expected to hatch this spring. In other parts of Europe this process goes on with hopes of success, and the rivers and bays may yet be as old.

In their defense it may be said, that wooden tubs in that climate would require an amount of room and care which it is not always convenient for the poorer classes to furnish; and then the cost of transporting water is an obstacle to many so that, with their imperfect powers of calculation, it has been found most advantageous to submit to the heavy tax imposed upon their soap by the *Nature* of the streams.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

THE RAVEN.

BY MRS. WHITMAN.

Raven, from the dim dominions
On the Night's Plutonian shore,
Oft I hear thy dusky pinions
Wave and flutter round my door—
See the shadow of thy pinions
Float along the moon-lit floor.

Often, from the oak-woods glooming
Round some grim, ancestral tower.
In the lurid distance looming—
Some high, solitary tower—
I can hear thy stormy coming
Through the lonely, midnight hour.

When the moon is at the zenith,
Thou dost haunt the heated hall,
Where the marsh flower greeneth
O'er the waters like a pall—
Where the House of Usher leathen
Darkly nodding to its fall.

Then I see thee, dimly gliding—
Seey thy black plumes waving slow—
In its hollow casements hiding,
When their shadow yawns below,
To the sullen tawn confounding
The dark secrets of their woe.

When the midnight stars are burning
In their crests silver clear,—
When Ligea's spirit yearning
For the earth-life wanders near,—
When Morella's soul returning,
Wierily whispers, "I am here."

Then, all night I see thee wheeling
Round a couch of India's room,
Where a shrouded form, congealing
In the cements of the tomb,
Sleeps beneath the vaulted ceiling
Of Rowena's bridal room.

Once, within a realm enchanted,
On a fair isle of the seas,
By unearthly visions haunted,
By unearthly melodies,
Where the evening sunlight slanted
Golden through the garden trees—

Once, where Ulalume lies sleeping,
Hard by Aubrey's haunted mere,
With the ghosts a vigil keeping,
On that night of all the year,
Came thy sounding pinions, sweeping
Through the leafless woods of Weir!

Oft, with Proserpine I wander
On the Night's Plutonian shore,
Hoping, fearing, while I ponder
O'er thy loved and lost Lemore—
On the demon, doubts that ruder
Soul from soul forevermore!—

Trusting, though with sorrow laden,
That, when life's dark dream is o'er,
By whatever name the maiden
Lives in that distant Aiden,
Shall his Charmon meet once more.

FISHES.

Nature has everywhere provided food for man. Every element is full of life, and constantly producing that which goes to nourish and strengthen the human race. In the waters, perhaps more abundantly than elsewhere, and more easily to be obtained, are the means of sustenance. Man takes to the water as to the land; and everywhere in their own element, from the sea whose bottoms have never been reached by lead and line, to the brooks that come pouring down the mountains and leap from the hills, do fishes abound. Their numbers and species are in many cases discovered.

It happens unfortunately that our manner of dealing with the finny tribe tends greatly to their destruction, almost before we know their value or the means of their preservation and propagation.

This has been seen not alone with us, where they are so fast disappearing from the rivers and streams—from the bays and seas—the god and its associates, the salmon, shad, pickerel, perch, and their fellows—but thus it has been all over the world, as though they were given a barbous state, and species almost to a skeleton, the physician applied to them.

"I cannot hurrar for Scott, but (and thrusting his hand into his pocket) I will give you a cent if you will hurrar for Hale,"—Christian Press.

country, as we would to a poultry yard, to be furnished for our dinner. Fishes may not only be naturalized, but civilized, so to speak, domesticated. Though they cannot learn much, having but a very small amount of brain, and that less solid than water-blubberd animals—the shark's being but 1,250 of his body, and the tunny fish 1,37,400, while in man it is 1,25, yet they "remember the hand that feeds them," and by the voice of the master become quite tame. Dr. Balch of Amesbury has a nursery, where this may be seen; and a few years ago, a little girl on the South shore, had so overcome their timid natures, that they would come in answer to the names she gave them, and feed from her hand. There have been many instances of the kind, and hereafter it may be a common occurrence.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.
Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale,
Brave of heart and strong of arm
You will never fail;
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view,
And towards the beacon-mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone,
To return no more.

Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due;
But, while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state and power.
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower;

But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue,
And to gain the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of Fate;

Would you write a deathless name,
With the good and great?

Would you bless your fellow men?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the world's free fight?

With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the Right;

And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—

To enfranchise slavesh mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,

Nothing won is lost—

Every good, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.

Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,

All you will to do;

But, if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

MARTYRDOM AT ROME.

A correspondent of the New York Crusader, writing from Rome, says:—

"The prisons of Diocletian are deep, narrow, and damp. No daylight shines into these caves; no pure air is breathed by the unfortunate inmates, the food is of the worst kind, and better victuals cannot be obtained even with money. The prisoners are not allowed a spoon, fork, or knife; they are compelled to eat like brutes, and are not permitted to see any friend or relative. These jails may be compared to hell on earth; the keepers are cruel, and without any feeling. Here are children, and even infants, of the most delicate qualities. These ladies were born and raised in the same neighborhood, on the island of Martinize, one of the West Indies. They were of French origin, and companions and intimate friends in childhood and youth. They were Josephine de Tascher and a Miss S.—

The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France, and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Some time after his death Beauharnais, Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became empress of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was married to Joseph Bonaparte, then King of Holland, and the present Emperor of France is her son by that marriage.

Miss S.—quitted the island of Martinize some time before her friend. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by the Algerine Corsairs, and the crew and passengers made prisoners. But this Corsair ship was in turn attacked and pillaged by Tunis pirates, and Miss S.—was carried by them to Constantinople, and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself; and she soon became the chief lady of the Seraglio and Sultaness of Turkey. Mahmud II, was her son, and the present Sultan, Abdul Mejid, is the son of Mahomed.

Thus the two sovereigns who now occupy so large a space in the world's eye are grandsons of the same parents, who were captives of the pirates, and of the same age.

"A young man from Bologna, full of genius,

and of promising success, called Gavarzi, and nephew to the illustrious Crusader of Italy, had been imprisoned in the Baths of Diocletian for five years. Being reduced by tortures and privations almost to a skeleton, the physician applied to him.

"Dr. Fries, most thorough and energetic phys-

ician, has a Water Cure at Sugar Creek Falls, O.

His terms are very moderate, but there are few places we could recommend with greater confidence."

Address, Dr. S. Freese, Dearborn's Mills, Tuscarawas Co., O.

August, 1853.

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Cold Water, Mich.

Jan. 21, 1853.-3m.

OREGON PEA.

Six bushels of these Celebrated Peas, by planting

which, as much foliage can be raised on our acre as

can be raised off of five of anything else that can

be sown, and it is better for the soil than clover.

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